THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE

Another Lesson By Champion Terry McGovern.

IN CASE OF AN ATTACK.

Always Best to Avoid a Fight, But When One Is Forced on You It Is Well to Know How to Defend Yourself.

No matter how peaceable and well-behaved you may be, the time may come, says Terry McGovern, the lightweight champion, in the New York World, when you will find it necessary to fight.

It is always best to avoid a street fight whenever you can, and to do nothing to bring it on. But if such a fight is forced on you, don't give up as long as you have a particle of life left in you.

If some fellow much bigger than yourself attacks you the chances are three to one that you can beat him if you understand boxing and keep cool.

Then again your street fighter is seldom in condition. The man who trains conscientiously and who has a working knowledge of boxing is not the sort of fellow, as a rule, who provokes street fights. It is more often a drink-soaked loafer or tough, who is soft and untrained, or else some wharf workman who, while strong, is slow and doesn't understand how to use his muscles.

When you see the fight is inevitable, don't wait for him to get into position, or attack you.

Always strike the first blow and strike hard and skillfully. Aim for the point of the jaw when you can. If not, for some other part of the face. Then, don't let up, but keep right on throwing in blow after blow, without giving him a chance to recover from his surprise.

Don't hit wildly, but with strength and cleverness, as your gymnasium practice with dumbbells and punching bags will have taught you to do. Make each blow tell, and deliver each blow with full force.

The chances are, moreover, that a street tough's defence is far weaker than his attack, and that is in your favor, too, as long as you keep on attacking.

Don't get rattled. If you do your skill and knowledge of boxing will desert you and leave you almost helpless. As long as you remain cool and keep your wits about you, you increase your chances of victory tenfold.

Let me say right here (to qualify my remark a little way back about not shirking a fight), if four or five men tackle you at once, don't be ashamed to run for your life. There is no cowardice in this, for it is only in dime

(Side Stepping.)

novels that one man can thrash a whole gang. In such circumstances escape while you can, for it is not a fair fight, but a brutal, hopeless beating you're running from.

If, however, you are surrounded by such a crowd with no chance for escape, fight to the last gasp, taking the aggressive and using all the quickness and skill you have.

In a street fight your opponent will usually try to rush you and knock your head off. His rushes are apt to be as clumsy as they are formidable. Here is where side-stepping, "slipping" and other forms of getting out of the way come in handy. If you can avoid one of his rushes and before he recovers his balance can land a stiff blow on his jaw or under his ear, you will make an excellent impression on him.

Some good tricks at close quarters are as follows:

Suppose for the moment that I am your opponent in a street fight. I hit out for you wildly with my right hand. As I do so seize my right wrist with your left hand, bend your left knee and pull my right arm over your head until your left hand, which holds my wrist, is behind your own neck. At the same time seize my right leg just above the knee with your right hand. Give your body a twist that will bring the back of your shoulders under my waist. Then rise to your full height, swinging my body up, as you go, my stomach resting across your shoulders, my right hand and leg imprisoned by your left and right hands. The impetus, the way my body is balanced and the momentum of the rise are such that a small man can, in this fashion, lift a man who weigh 200. Be sure my body is well balanced (like a see saw board) across your shoulders, as this lessens the difficulty of lifting me. When an opponent is once up in the air hurl him head downward, or any way you like, to the ground. It is needless to say that this manoeuvre must be executed with lightning quickness. It is far easier than it sounds.

Another: When an opponent leads for your face, counter with the right, sending your right hand beyond his face, so that your arm can encircle his neck. Swing your body around so that your right leg is just in front of his right; catch his right forearm, if possible, with your left hand; then, with a quick motion, bend sharply forward from the waist, using the right hips as a lever, and throw him thus over your hip to the ground.

Again: When he leads with his left, duck, rush in, throw your left arm about his waist, get your left leg beyond his and just behind it, catch him under the chin with your right hand, and, using your left hip as a lever, throw him backward to the ground. This is the hip fall. When a man tries this on you move your left leg sharply fifteen or eighteen inches to the left, planting the left foot firmly there before his left leg can get behind you. This will block the trick.

SKATING.

The Past and Present of a Vigorous Exercise.

Most of us elders remember vividly the skates of our boyhood days. Nothing like them at present. They had deep grooves in the runners and there was a graceful circle in the end that curved far over upon our boots. It was surmounted by a brass knob like an acorn. The skates were "rockers," and the way they were strapped upon our thick cowhide boots was truly wonderful.

The evolution of the skate was rapid in the sense of change, but not in the sense of improvement. The cast iron—both skate and foot rest—skate that followed it did not prove satisfactory, and then came various forms of "club" skates that are now in vogue, and the modern racing skate that is at least a foot and a half long.

It is nearly impossible to fix on the time when skating became an accepted pastime in the temperate zone, but there is no doubt that it was introduced into England from the colder countries, and in the north it was more a necessity than a pastime. To the Scandinavians and Germans, when snow covered the ground and ice the rivers, necessity suggested to them some easy means of locomotion, and this first took the form of snowshoes, which were constructed with long runners of wood, such as those still in use in some parts of Norway for journeys on the snow fields. Originally these seem to have been used by the Finns, "for which reason," says a Swedish writer, "they were called Skrid Finnai—sliding Finns." This was a common name for the most ancient inhabitants of Sweden.

After use on ice the two runners were soon found inconvenient, and they were followed by the one runner skate and harder material took the place of wood. First bone was substituted, and this in time gave place to iron. According to archaeologists the present form of skate was developed about A. D. 200.

Skates made of bone were the kind first adopted by the English, for Fitzstephen in his description of the amusements of the Londoners of his day—the time of Henry II.—says that "when the great fen that washes the north wall of the city is frozen over great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice. Some, striding as wide as they may, do glide swiftly; some, better practiced to the ice do bind to their shoes bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands headed with sharp iron which they strike against the ice. These men go as swiftly as doth the bird in the aid or doth a bolt from the crossbow."

Then he goes on to say that some, imitating the fashion of the tournament, would start in full career against one another, armed with poles, "they meet, elevate the poles, attack and strike each other, when one or both fall, and not without some bodily hurt."

Specimens of these old bone skates are occasionally dug up in the fenny parts of England and some of them now rest in the British Museum, and others in the Museum of Scottish Antiquities, and probably in other collections, though perhaps some of the "finds" are not nearly as old as Fitzstephen's day, for there seems to be good evidence that even in London the primitive bone skate was not entirely superseded by implements of steel until the latter part of the last century, Mr. Roach Smith, F. S. A., describing one found about 1839, says that "it is formed of the bone of some animal, made smooth on one side, with a hole at one extremity for a cord to fasten in the shoe. At the other end the hole is also drilled horizontally to the depth of three inches, which might have received a plug, with another cord to secure it more effectually."

There is hardly a greater difference between these old bone skates and the club skates of to-day than there is between the skating of the middle ages and that of the end of the nineteenth century. Skating as a fine art is a thing of comparatively modern growth and so little was thought of it as an exercise for long after Fitzstephen's day that one finds few or no allusions to it, and up to the days of the restoration it appears to have been an amusement confined to a few. The acme was reached when the performer could succeed in running along quickly on his skates and finishing off with a long and triumphant slide on both feet in a straight line forward. A man of that day had no more thought of trying to execute difficult figures on the ice than would one of the present day of dancing in the drawing-room on the tips of his toes.

During all this time when skating was struggling into notice in Britain in its birthplace it continued to be cultivated as the one great winter amusement. In Holland, where it was looked upon as less of a pastime than a necessity, nothing has so frequently struck travelers as the wonderful change the advent of ice brings about in the bearing of the inhabitants. "Heavy, massive, stiff creatures during the rest of the year," says Pilati, in his "Letters on Holland," become suddenly active, ready, and agile so soon as the canals are frozen," and they are able to glide along the frozen surface with the speed and endurance for which their skating has been so long renowned, but these qualities are bought at the expense of the elegant and grace looked for nowadays in an accomplished skater.

To the surprise of many, skating is not a national amusement in Russia, and no one ever thinks of availing himself of the many ponds frozen hard in cold weather except a few who have picked up the art in St. Petersburg.

Skating in this country came with the settlement of the Dutch at New Amsterdam and also with the settlers in the British provinces. In the "Reminscences of Quebec," is the interesting story of a backwoodsman who was captured by the Indians and was about to be put to death. In his pack they found a pair of skates, and they decided to delay the torture until he explained their use. He took them to the edge of a frozen pond, where he strapped on the skates and wabbled about clumsily for a few moments to their amusement, but all the time getting farther away. When the distance had been lengthened to several rods he darted away and made his escape.

The grandfathers of the present generation tell of thrilling escapes on skates from wolves, but the boy of today has little thought of the skate except for the amusement it gives him.

NOW TORTURES HIS WIFE.

More About the Black Prince's Cannibal Instincts.

WHITE WIFE LEAVES HIM

She Captured and Petted Him But His Cruel Nature Was Not Subdued—Rescued From the Hands of a Brutal Savage.

The untamed demon within Lobengula, the black "Prince" from Africa, has been aroused. It has thrust out its claws and bared its yellow fangs. And thereby has it proven the Prince to be worse than the brute that humanity at its lowest always is. Dispatches have told how this man, who for months has been the centre of attraction for amusement-loving London society and the pet of fair ladies, has horrified his patrons and admirers by an exemplification of barbaric manners not provided for in the contract between himself and the managers of the great British exhibition in which he has been the star performer.

The beautiful wife who deserted her family and friends and defied all the traditions and conventions of the fashionable world in which she held social sway, in order to marry the dusky chieftain whose fascinations proved to her stronger than all other ties, has fallen a victim to her husband's hereditary but long-repressed thirst for human blood.

He proceeded to beat his pretty white wife with energy and frequency, and even more energetically and frequently as he realized that she was estranged from all her friends, and was too proud and too ashamed to complain of him to strangers and seek their protection.

What Kate Jewell has suffered because of her own unjustifiable and inexcusable folly no mortal save herself will ever know. She has schooled herself to silence and endured what came to her with the stoicism of an Indian at the stake. Having taken her life in her own hands and ruined it, she has been brave enough to suffer the consequences and make no sign.

But at last the end has come. Lobengula, the handsome and fascinating Prince, the passionate lover, the devoted husband, has become metamorphosed into Lobengula the savage and the cannibal, whose horrid craving for human blood has manifested itself in a murderous attack upon his loving and defenceless wife, the scars of which she will carry to her grave.

Shut away from the rest of the world with the man whom she had chosen from all others to be her husband, Kate Jewell found herself face to face with death in its most cruel and brutal form. As the tiger springs from the jungle upon its unsuspecting prey, so sprang upon her this human tiger, whom she had captured and petted, but not subdued. His strong hands grasped her like bands of steel; his bloodshot eyes glared into her very soul. For one moment he held her powerless, gloating over her helplessness, and then deep into the white flesh of her arm he sank his teeth, biting and tearing and snarling like the wild beast that he is, while the warm red blood of his victim dyed his savage lips and dripped down in the soft folds of her silken robe. The one shriek of mortal terror and despair which came from the tortured woman's lips before a black hand stifled her utterance brought some passers-by to the rescue. Civilization conquered savagery for the time being, and the black demon was overpowered.

The Prince is a handsome fellow in his own peculiar way. He combines the sinuous grace of a creeping panther with the physical perfection of a human creature to whom nature on his own account has been more than kind. But he has lost his white wife.

THE VEILED PRINCESS.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway Saw Her.

Gen. Cherif Pasha is Turkey's diplomatic representative at the court of his Majesty King Oscar of Sweden and Norway. The General is one of the few Turks allowed to take his wife with him when serving at a foreign court. She is a princess, being the daughter of a former ruler of Egypt. Princess Ermine—such is her name—must, however, observe all the rules of the Koran and the Phophet while away from the land of mosques. No gentleman has ever had the pleasure of meeting her, and at all dinners given by the General to his colleagues he is compelled to "borrow" the wife of some other ambassador to "do the honors."

King Oscar, it is said, has always been curious to gaze upon the face of the renowned Princess, for she is said to be beautiful, witty and talented. At a bazaar recently held for the benefit of the English church the Princess was given a private view of the rooms. The hour at which she was to pay her visit became known to the jolly King, who hastily made his way to the building. They met. The Princess, seeing King Oscar, hastily concealed her face behind her veil. The King expressed a hope that his chance rencontre might not be considered a breach of the rules of etiquette. No reply came from the Princess, as she is supposed not to speak to any man, but it is said that the King was accorded a glimpse of the fair lady's countenance.

A GAMBLER'S CHANCES.

Tests of the Law of Probabilities in Betting.

A law which cannot be depended upon seems a contradiction in terms, yet such is the law of probabilities. In tossing a coin 100 times the law reuires that it fall heads fifty times and tails fifty times. This discrepancy between theory and practice fascinates the attention and invites investigation.

A law to be capricious, apparently, in its operation might be suspected to be no law at all, and the fact that it is not inexorable in practice has given rise to "systems" of gambling, by which players seek to take advantage of the law and to make a broker's commission on their dealings with chance.

The best known of these delusive systems is the Martingale in all its various modifications. The basis of this system is the method of doubling the stakes after every loss, so that when the player finally wins once he recoups all former losses and receives a profit equal to his first wager. With unlimited capital and under proper conditions this would be an absolutely certain method of continuous success at gambling, whether the chances were even or not. But such conditions are never realized. A Chicagoan who has made a study of the law of probabilities and of various "systems," talking on this subject a few days ago, said:

"Supposing the bank would permit continued doubling, let us examine whether the player by the Martingale system really has yoked the laws of chance to his chariot. If you draw cards promiscuously from a deck and forfeit a cent for every time you draw a red card, winning one cent every time you draw a black card and doubling your stake after every loss—you will find that with a capital of thirty-two cents you can usually double it in about sixty-four draws, although the bet is always fair and the chances even.

"There will be one case in about thirty-two when you will draw red cards six times running—when you will not be able to double your stake and will lose thirty-two cents—about the amount you had previously won. If one could get a copyright on the elimination of that thirty-second chance he could bankrupt the gambling world. Many have tried to devise some plan of allaying the severity of this thirty-second chance, but in the words of the humorist it is trying to 'unscrew the unscrutable.'

"Supposing the chances are even and the player starts a Martingale with $1 and loses; stakes $2 and loses; $4 and loses; $8 and loses; $16 and still loses. Now he has lost $31 in all and has lost five times in succession. Mathematics assures us that the chance of losing five times in succession in an even game is one in thirty-two, there being thirty-one chances against it. Theoretically, then, our player will win thirty-one times by his system, winning $1 each time, but the laws of chance require that he lose—on the average—the thirty-second time, and he will then lose $31, just the amount he has previously won.

"If he goes on losing until he has staked in all $1,024—of which there is one chance in 1,024—he will probably have drawn the one unlucky chance which, out of 1,024 plays, he would be reasonably certain to draw, thereby losing $1,023, or all that he had previously won, if the law of probabilities were justified. If his capital should be $1,000,000, the process needs only to be prolonged to bring out the one unlucky chance by which he will lose all he has previously won, the chance being exactly one to one that he will quit the game without loss or gain, no matter how long he plays."

This discussion has had in view only such gambling devices as offer even chances to the player, since it is obvious that if a player cannot get any advantages where the chances are even he certainly cannot where there is a percentage in favor of the proprietor of the game, or where the price he pays for a chance is more than the mathematical value of the chance, which is, of course, the case in all games run for profit, such as faro banks, lotteries, slot machines, and all card games in which the dealer gets a commission on the sale of chips.

The fascination of gambling lies largely in the capriciousness of the law of probabilities when applied to a small number of events. Mathematics assures us that the precision with which the law can be applied increases as the square root of the number of events to which it is applied. There could be no attraction in games of chance if the theory of chances worked out accurately in a small number of events—for example, if in tossing pennies the coin were certain to fall heads and tails alternately, as it should do to illustrate the law of probabilities with precision.

If a gambler's capital allowed him to play long enough in a fair game he would quit even; why then will he continue to play when there is a percentage in favor of the banker? Most probably because his observation, covering a relatively small number of chance events, leads him to believe that the law of probabilities is not inexorable and he chooses to follow what he thinks has been his experience rather than to listen to the indubitable conclusion of mathematics.

Biggs—Figgs has the clearest head of any man I know.

Diggs—That's right; there is absolutely no[illegible]—Chicago News.